

"At midnight in his guarded tent
The Turk lay dreaming
of the hour!"
—Sunday morning when
the JOURNAL'S Colored
Comic Supplement would
be sold out—every num-
ber. Last Sunday it was
10 A. M. * Next Sunday
probably 8 A. M.

ALWAYS A RUSH



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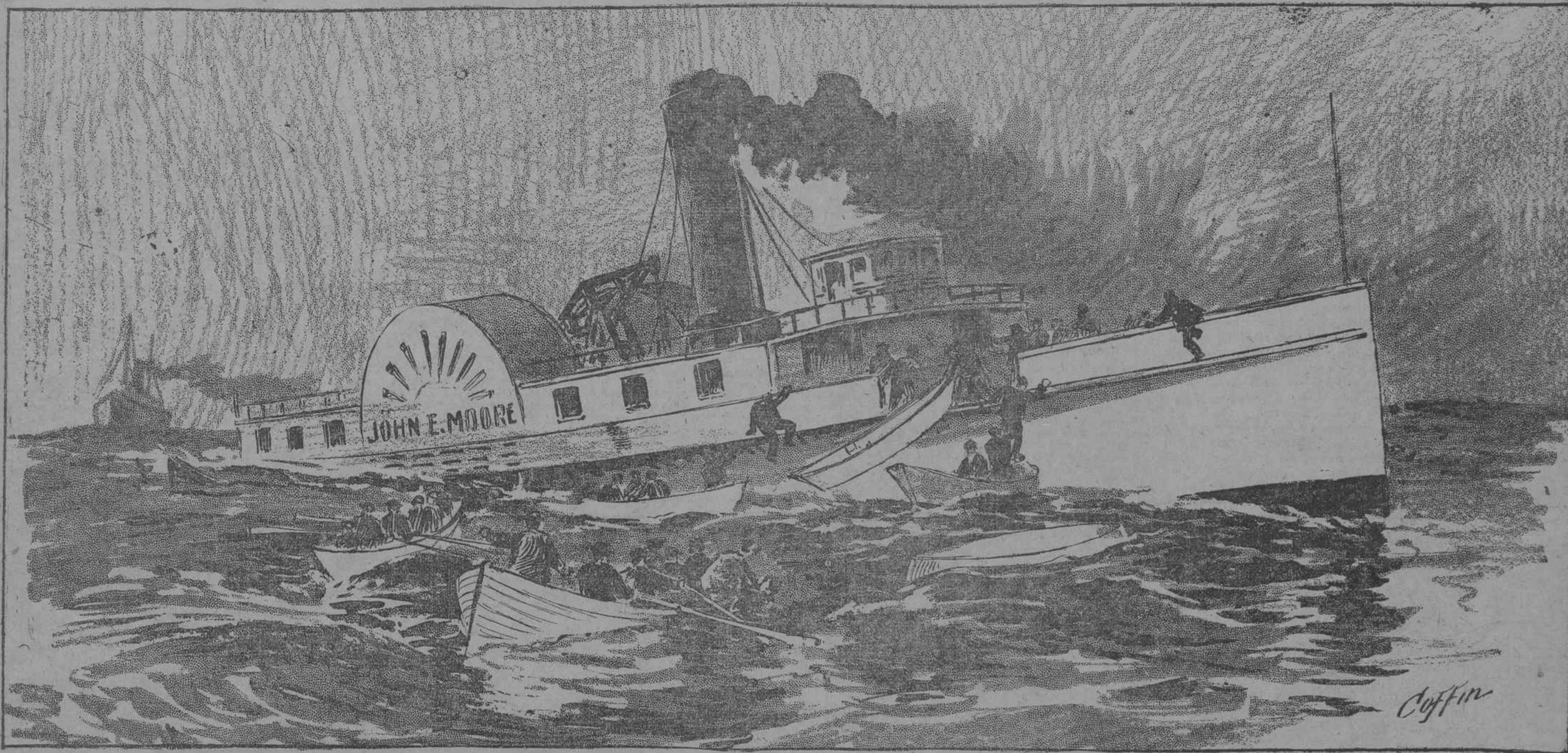
PRICE ONE CENT.



"The boy stood on the burn-
ing deck,
Whence all but he had
fled!"
Why did he linger ab-
sorbed 'midst battle's roar?
He was reading a true
story, garbed in fiction,
human motives that re-
porters fail to glean, in the
Evening Journal—A

"News Novelties."

SINKING OF THE FISHING STEAMER JOHN E. MOORE ON ROMER SHOAL.



FISHING STEAMER SINKS, 150 ON BOARD.

The John E. Moore Runs on
Romer Shoals and Goes
to the Bottom.

Sank Rapidly Until She Struck Ground—
Some Leaped Overboard, but Every
Man Was Saved.

Disarranged Compass, Dense Fog, and Mistakes in Telling
the Buoys Led to the Wreck—The Boat Old, Rotten,
Will Go to Pieces with a Few Tides.

The old sidewheeler transport John E. Moore is aground on Romer Shoal, near Sandy Hook, with a foot of water over her lower deck.

She steamed out yesterday with 150 holiday fishermen on an outing.

A disarranged compass, a mistake about buoys and an impenetrable fog changed the excursion into a wreck.

The excursionists were members of the Clinton Fishing Club, an association of Germans, organized by William Abrams for fishing and general jollification purposes.

No lives were lost, thanks to the good fortune of shallow water and a smooth sea, but the steamer will probably break up the next flood tide, as she is over forty years old.

It was an accident that the old transport was used on the excursion. The party should have gone out on the steamer Starr, belonging to the same company, but at the last moment it was discovered that the Starr was out of repair. Captain Morrell, of the Starr, was put in charge of the Moore, and she started for the Banks.

The Fog Was Thick.

The fog was thick enough to excuse almost any sort of an error. Because of it the Moore waited more than an hour beyond her scheduled time at the Battery. Then the fog had lifted slightly, and the impatient fishermen would stand no more delay.

It was the gayest sort of a party. Nearly all the fishermen were Germans, and there were no women among them.

They were all over the old transport with their hooks and lines and bait cans, and kegs of beer. The day was mild, and the haze on the water seemed to the fishermen far too trivial a cause for delay, so out they steamed, and the yodelling of the musical ones among the party flooded back through the fog.

Came Down Like a Blanket.

Before the Moore had reached Staten Island, the fog closed around her like a wet blanket. From the pilot house they could hardly see the bow. Whistling every minute, the Moore proceeded, a horse-chorus coming from all around her—for there were many craft along the way. An idea of

the thickness of the weather may be gained from the statement of passengers that voices came to them out of the fog—they could hear people on other vessels before they could make out the ships.

But fog is a sailor's terror, not a landman's, and the thickness of the weather did not disturb the fun of the fishermen.

She was out about an hour and a half, feeling her way along, looking out for buoys which she could not discover, when she struck.

It was not a hard shock—just a scraping, rumbling bump—and before most of the passengers understood why the boat was shivering and groaning the boat was settling and the main deck was all awash.

Pandemonium Aboard.

There was pandemonium for a minute, bells jangled and officers swore, fishermen rushed and screamed.

"Get that boat away!"
"Mein Gott, don't leave me!"
"Life preservers!"
These and a thousand other things were shrieked.

Above the whole turmoil arose the voices of the officers and crew, yelling that there was no danger.

Half a dozen passengers, crazed with fear, jumped overboard, some with life preservers, and some without, and they yelled in the water while their companions yelled on board. Help was at hand, and those of the swimmers who did not get back to the grounded steamer were picked up by the rescuing boats.

At first everybody rushed for the boats. On the lower deck was a dory belonging to Captain Osborn, of the steamer Al. Foster. He was a guest of the Clinton Club, and proposed slipping away from the big fishing party with a few friends when the Moore had anchored, and treating them to some fishing in a particular place, a secret with him.

Osborn made for the dory. He found eight big excursionists in it, more than it was ever meant to hold.

"Here, give me that, it's my boat!" cried Osborn.

"Get out," said the excursionists.

Somehow the dory was plunged into the water and half of the excursionists were spilled.

Osborn got in her, and picked them all up.

The vessel steadied on its bottom so even that the crowd got back its senses before it reached the panic point, but there was plenty of excitement for a while.

Captain Morrell swiftly organized the crew. By this time everybody had abandoned the lower part of the ship and were crowded on the upper deck. The fishermen were struggling for the boats when the crew got to work.

To Control the Boats.

There was no time for "if-you-please" or "by-your-leave." The crew dashed into the crowds like a football team bucking the centre. They had to get control of the boats in a hurry, and if a fisherman or two got a heavy clip from a seaman's fist and went down it was all right. The charge of the sailors was successful. They got the boats out in orderly fashion, and they were not overcrowded.

In the height of the excitement, two men got their wits back in a hurry.

Ike Holtz, with two life preservers around him, appeared with his accordion and began to play.

Benedict Stuber started the song and presently others joined in and over the waves floated the gallant chorus:

Down vent Meekinty to der
Bottom off der zee;
Und he muss be vohly vet.

Und dey hab'n't found him already yet;

Dressed in his best suit of clothes.

That did more to quiet the disturbance than all the captains and the shouting.

At first the frightened ones were indignant at this flippancy in the face of threatened death, but pretty soon they saw that death was not so imminent after all, and then there was a rush to get chairs, and before fifteen minutes was passed there wasn't a man on board who would admit that he had been the least uneasy.

The Work of Rescue.

Meanwhile the practical work of rescue was under way.

Captain Osborn in his dory had pulled away from the Moore and out into the channel to intercept help. He flagged the Walter A. Adams and she went to the rescue of the fishermen. The chief engineer with one of the crew and a couple of the fishing party had meanwhile started off in one of the lifeboats for Sandy Hook, whence they waded the news of the disaster to New York.

They two passengers came uptown and the engineer and sailor man started back to the Moore, but were picked up by the tug Moran and were brought to the city.

The Adams had by this time got her boats to work. The Adams's boats, the Moore's lifeboats and Captain Osborn's dory made many trips between the stranded vessel and the Adams. It took over an hour to transfer the passengers.

Captain Morrell did the proper and conventional thing, and was the last to leave his ship.

The Responsibility for It All.

Now as to the responsibility for the disaster. Captain Morrell's intended course was out through Swash Channel, past the Craven Shoal buoy, the "middle" buoy and the "striped" buoy; thence across Romer Shoal by the channel marked by the black buoys. The fog prevented the Captain making out the buoys, so that he mistook the striped one for the black one. He thought he had left the last warning far behind, when he was in the thick of the danger and his vessel grounded on Romer Shoal, between the Elbow in the channel and Monument Rock, a wreck-infested vicinity. Indeed, it is probable that the Moore actually struck on one of these old wrecks.

The Moore is so old that some of the fishermen who had proposed to go on the Starr abandoned their excursion when the Moore was sighted.

As to the disarrangement of the Moore's compass it is, perhaps, not fair to blame Captain Morrell, but certainly somebody is at fault for permitting the old steamer to go to sea without testing the compass in a fog that made the compass almost the chief reliance.

If the steamer goes to pieces, as there is every reason to expect she will, the New York Harbor Tugboat Co. will lose about \$15,000. The rest of the loss is a great quantity of fishing tackle and—saddest of all to some—twenty kegs of good beer, hardly touched, and twenty bottles of variegated whiskey.

List of the Crew.

The crew of the John E. Moore consisted of Captain Samuel Morrell, Engineer William Lasher, Fireman Edward Shults, Deckhand Frank Shults and Mate Michael Golden. The cook was Herbert Moore. Four of the crew were brought to the Liberty Island pier at the Battery by the tug Everts. Among them was Mate Golden. Explaining the accident, he said:

"I was the lookout on the bow of the boat. The fog was so thick that one could not see his hand before him. I thought we had passed all impediments when I heard the crash. The boat was lifted forward many feet, and I was almost thrown to the deck. I did not know where we were, but as soon as the accident occurred I at once concluded that we had gone on

Romer Shoal. I ran to the fore-castle and looked down the open hatches to see how the boat fared. I saw the water rushing at a great rate into the hold and then I knew that we were hopelessly wrecked.

To Save Passengers.

"My first thought was for the welfare of the excursionists. I gave orders to the crew to launch the three life rafts and the three lifeboats.

"In the first boat two of the crew and two of the passengers jumped. The members of the crew rowed the boat over to Sandy Hook and gave the first news of the disaster. Shortly after the boat put away and while we were busy launching the rafts, the station pilot boat Walter Adams hove in sight. She at once commenced putting out her sails to save all hands. The utmost confusion prevailed in the meantime.

"The Moore was well supplied with life-saving devices. The excursionists made a wild rush for them. All the life preservers were pulled down from the racks and a half dozen passengers who could not reach them madly plunged into the water. I did all I could to quiet the men, but it was no use. They felt sure that they were to drown and were willing to take any chance to save themselves. Those who plunged into the sea were picked up by the rafts of the Walter Adams.

"Captain Morrell, Deckhand Shults and myself were the last off the boat. We waited until we saw the last man rescued before being taken off ourselves. All of the crew lost their belongings and a large majority of the excursionists lost their jackets and baskets. That most of the passengers ran to the upper deck accounts, in my mind, for the fact that no lives were lost. The Moore sank in five minutes after she struck. When I left her she was sunk below her lower deck."

Could Not Tell Colors.

"The fog rendered it impossible to discern colors, and in attempting to make a direct route through the narrow channel he went up on the shoal. Under the circumstances it would be hardly fair to attach any blame to him. He did the best he could, and the same thing might have happened to any other experienced captain."

Among the passengers on the Moore was Captain Moses Walter, of No. 425 East Sixteenth street. He is the commander of the fishing boat Al. Foster, which runs to the fishing banks every day with a big load of fishermen. He was an invited

Continued on Fifth Page.

OUR YOUNG DUCHESS'S ENGLISH CONQUEST.

Marlborough's Bride on the Top
Rung of England's
Social Ladder.

Never Before Has an American Woman Been
So Highly Honored by the Prince
and Princess of Wales.

Britons Amazed at the Length of the Royal Visit at Blenheim—Thanksgiving Day Spent Out of Doors—An Illuminated Fete in the Evening.

By Julian Ralph.

Blenheim, England, Nov. 26.—Chatting as Her Grace and to be as friendly as he is with a man who will probably before long rule the biggest and richest empire in the world.

House Party Completed.

After this let me pass to prosaic facts. Arthur Balfour and Henry Chaplin, two members of the Cabinet who are comprised in the house party at Blenheim, returned from London last night, after attending a meeting of the Council. The party was joined at dinner by the Rev. F. Paget, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, of which college His Royal Highness was a member in his undergraduate days. The festivities were continued, as usual, late into the morning hours.

On the occasion of the previous visit of the Prince of Wales to Blenheim, His Highness planted a conifer tree on the south side of the Italian garden. This is an old and honored custom at English country houses, but, in this case, there was some doubt as to which particular tree he had planted. The late Duke of Marlborough used to point to one, now withered and almost dead, as that with which His Royal Highness's name was associated, whereas some of the older servants on the estate insisted that it was another.

Prince of Wales's Tree.

Yesterday, however, the point was set at rest by Wales himself. His young host asked him if he could tax his memory on the point, and the Prince promptly pointed to a healthy-looking conifer as the one which he had planted.

This morning there was quite a ceremony performed on the east side of the palace, between Italian Garden and the boundary fence, when the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Princess Victoria each planted a seedling conifer in memory of

"The Duchess of Marlborough is the most talked of American woman—in fact the most talked of woman of any nationality—now in England. The rapidity and, above all, the manner in which she has ingratiated herself into the good graces of royalty, peer and peasant is astonishing.

"The Duchess's Crowning Triumph.
"Since her advent in England she has made the most wonderful progress in the most exclusive circles of society, and the present visit of England's future King to her English home is regarded as the crowning triumph of all.

"The most powerful noblemen in England think themselves honored above every-thing else if the Prince of Wales spends even a day at his castle, and the Prince must have taken a tremendous liking to both the Marlboroughs to devote such a comparatively long period to them at Blenheim.